

# BANNER OF PROGRESS.

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## LITERARY.

For the Banner of Progress.

### The Good Man.

Ah, the Good Man! Do you know him—  
Fairer type of the Elixir,  
Far transcending all below him  
Upon this sphere?  
He belongs to every nation—  
Is found in every station,  
In every denomination,  
Both far and near.

Some live for glory and for fame;  
Some to possess a noble name;  
But the Good Man—a higher aim  
His soul inspires.  
To him a nameless empty sound;  
Nothing in fame by him is found;  
But to do good to all around,  
Crowns his desires.

He censures not, nor looks unkind  
On the fallen, degraded mind;  
But always tries some means to find,  
In deed or word,  
To raise them from their low estate—  
Their erring minds to elevate—  
Them back to manhood reinstate,  
In rights restored.

He grumbles not, nor yet repines,  
When in dark gloom is cast his line,  
And gnawing poverty combines  
With every ill.  
He knows that he has done his best,  
And nobly strives the storm to breast—  
By all his trials to be blest  
By work and will.

When plenty fills his well earned store,  
And gladdened hearts surround his door,  
While every blessing grants him more  
Than needs demand—  
He does not then the poor despise;  
A needy one he never denies;  
He looks on none with scornful eye,  
But gives his hand

To rich or poor, to friend or foe,  
To all, and thus designs to show  
That there is neither high nor low,  
Gentle nor Jew;  
That riches never can impart,  
Nor yet be gained by any art,  
What's better far than honest heart,  
A soul that's true.

Such is the Man! Do you know him—  
Fairer type of the Elixir?  
Grant you may be likened to him  
In word and deed;  
That when Death comes to terminate  
Your earth-bound life, and elevate  
Your soul into a higher state,  
You may not need

To sadly mourn a life mispent,  
In which good deeds and good intent  
In happy sequence never went  
By your control;  
But, with a sweet, contented mind,  
Beaming with love to all mankind,  
Blessing the friends you leave behind,  
You free your soul.

J. W. M.

### THE LUNATIC BRIDE.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

There was an excursion for all the public schools in upper New York, one lovely summer day, several years ago. Many hundreds of children had looked forward to this, for weeks, as the grandest holiday of the whole year.

Under the escort of their teachers and a few favored friends, they had been transported down town by extra cars, and taken over to Hoboken by extra boats. From thence they walked out to the Elysian Fields, where they were to have a grand collation, swing, romp, ride in the fandango, and enjoy themselves generally.

When the fresh breath of the country first blew upon them from the wild Weehawken hills, and the hot old city, with its dust, din, and black, smoky breath was far behind, they surrendered themselves to the beautiful freedom of the place and hour, and became giddy with joy. As troop after troop arrived, they overspread the grassy ground, seemingly as much gladdened by the warm but not oppressive sunshine as a swarm of chirping locusts.

Scattering into groups, as taste or feeling prompted, they seemed disposed to make the most of their present freedom, which the teachers wisely smiled upon and encouraged; for they, too, after long months of toil and confinement, felt the good cheer of the occasion, and were happy for themselves as well as for their young friends, and thus were put in double sympathy with the children.

We leave the headquarters and follow a single group, that had penetrated into a deep thicket, which seemed to be the gate of some hidden way. All of us, old as well as young, lured by the curiosity which we are said to inherit from our primal mother, love to explore indistinct or unknown paths. The confused but merry music of their shouting, ringing, chirping, chattering voices, suddenly ceased. A single strain of music had reached them, so full of sweetness and genuine pathos that the gay little creatures, touched, although they knew it not, by the profound sympathy of their divine humanity, stood looking at each other in a kind of rapturous amazement, as if fascinated and held captive by some sweet but unknown power.

"O, it was wonderful!" said Ruth May, a little girl of twelve summers, with the largest, bluest, deepest eyes in the world. "Hush, Dicky!" she spoke to her brother, who stood next her; "it comes again."

It was a female voice which had so charmed them, and seemed to proceed from the depth of a coppice

just below. They lost no time in penetrating through the tangled bushes that lay around them, when a scene unfolded itself which increased their wonder, and fully confirmed the feeling of awe which had been their first impression. The spot was a deep little dell, so walled in by impeding rocks, thickly shaded by heavy hemlocks and the umbrella-topped tulip-trees, that the sun was completely shut out, except on one side, where an opening of the rocks made a kind of natural gateway; and in it, towering up tall and ghastly, stood the bare white skeleton of a blasted pine, directly against the strong sunlight that streamed over it with a ghostly glare.

On one of the principal branches of the dead tree, half-reclining, half-standing, was a female form draped in white, and, altogether, wan and ghostly as the tree itself. The robe was bordered with sprigs of the beautiful wood evergreen, and a green girdle bound her waist; while the fair hair was garlanded with long floating tufts of fern, and tangled, streaming sea-weeds. Nothing could exceed the picturesque beauty of the whole effect; but there was a wild and weird expression, which but to think of would make one shudder; for it was quivering with the jarred music of a bewildered but beautiful soul.

"O, do sing to us again!" said little Ruth, stepping forward of the other children, and stretching up her hands imploringly.

The power of a sweet poetic nature, turning to music in the voice of the child, reached the ear—the heart of the woman, as might be seen in the wonderful smile suffusing her paleness with a rich warm rose-tint, as, waving her hand gracefully, she sang the following

#### SONG.

"Thy fate is mine, O blighted Pine!  
For a bridal wreath I wear,  
And the bridegroom, Death,  
As he drinks my breath,  
Will twine it around my hair.  
O, ho! O, ho! O—h—oh!"

"Tis a merry day in the merry May,  
And the strawberry tresser is white;  
But ere its close my Bridal Rose  
Will open its eyes of light!  
He, ha! Ha, ha! He, ha, ha!"

"The bridal veil, all fair and pale,  
Rests on the marble brow;  
But every fold is still and cold,  
No breath can stir it now.  
O, ho! O, ho! O—h—oh!"

"Tis a merry day in the merry May,  
And the hawthorn bloom is fair,  
And the dying flower from the orange bower  
Is breathing around my hair.  
He, ha! Ha, ha! He, ha, ha!"

"Thy fate is mine, O blighted Pine!  
For a grave is opening wide,  
And a bridal bed with the sleeping Dead  
Shall receive the beautiful Bride!  
O, ho! O, ho! O—h—oh!"

There was a power in the voice that filled the heart of little Ruth with the strangest, saddest, sweetest feelings she had ever known in her life. She knew not what it could be; for it seemed as if she had never heard better singing. But by this time the boys began to weary of the sentimental, as the genuine boy ever does, in a very short time, if he yields to its influence at all; and some of them commenced throwing stones at the woman.

"O, for shame!" cried Ruth. "You are cruel! you are cowards! Stop this minute, or I will inform against you!"

"Capital, Miss May!" said a tall youth of fourteen, who seemed to pride himself on his manliness. I wonder who you will take up for next—rag-pickers and street-sweepers, the gentlemen and ladies of the broom and gutter, I suppose?"

"Certainly," returned Ruth, "if I see any wicked boy molesting them. And that makes me think what you did, and how cruel you were, to a poor little news-boy the other day. I thought you were too much of a man to strike or throw stones at a helpless woman."

"I didn't throw any stones," he replied, looking rather crest-fallen, for many eyes were on him; and the common sympathy turned in favor of Ruth.

"No, you didn't throw stones, yourself," she answered; "but you laughed and clapped your hands, and cheered on the smaller boys; and that was just as bad as if you had thrown every stone that you did."

"That is true," said a larger boy, coming to the side of Ruth, as if to champion both her and her cause; "and in my opinion it was nothing but cowardice that kept you from the mischief. You encouraged poor little fellows to do wrong, knowing that they will get the very punishment which you yourself most deserve, though you're awfully afraid of it."

"Who said anything about punishment, Tom?" returned the other. "You're always poking your finger into everybody's pie, and making mountains out of molehills!"

Then, recollecting what Ruth had said about informing, he shouted out: "Boys, Miss Ruth May threatens to inform against you!"

Cries of "Tall-tale!" accompanied by hisses, and all particular sounds of execration which boys are so fertile in manufacturing, responded. And then suddenly broke in upon the tumult a single voice—"She is right; she spoke a good word for the helpless! Stand by her, boys!" Then, waiting a moment for the shouts and cheers to subside, he added, in the low, emphatic tones, which in the interlude of any excitement sometimes have such a telling power: "Suppose that poor woman was your mother, boys! How would you feel, then?"

A profound sense of shame, mingled with pity, overspread the noisy and tumultuous crowd; and there was a sudden silence for a moment, as if every one was thinking of what had not occurred to him before.

There was a boisterous and turbulent reaction; for a lad, who had wandered from the main troop, came along, saying, "Come, boys! they're spreading the table-cloths! so let's be off, or we may lose our share of the goodies!" And away the little fellow ran, and away went the whole tribe after him.

"Go, children," said the woman, stretching out her hands as if in benediction, "go to your homes; go to your graves; your human destiny awaits you. Go, and enter in!"

Then, after a little pause, she added: "But one of you will come back to me. There is a cord finer than light, but strong as magnetism, binding that one to me."

Ruth was borne away with the retiring throng; but the woman's last words went with her. And amid all the surrounding gayety, still the child forgot herself—forgot even to secure her proper share of the entertainment; nor could she enter into the sports that followed. But, taking her own dearly loved teacher a little aside, she told her that there was a poor woman out a little way, to whom she would like to take any nice little bit that could be spared from the fragments.

Miss Simmons immediately gathered quite a basketful, saying, as she put it into Ruth's hand: "You are a good, thoughtful, and prudent little child; so run along, for we must all be together by five, as we are to take the six o'clock boat."

Ruth, thus commissioned, thanked her teacher, and then ran very fast in the direction of the grove, thinking all the way, "I wonder if she meant me? Isn't it curious, that here I am going—for I know she did mean me, though there are so many others."

Very soon she heard the wonderful voice again, and by it was led to a beautiful pine grove, where, beside a little mound, the woman sat swaying to and fro, as she sang

#### THE LUNATIC'S LULLABY.

"Rockaby, baby—baby mine!  
Flowers—white flowers—for thee I twine;  
They broder their robes and they deck thy bed,  
And they breathe their perfume around thy head!  
Lullaby! lullaby! O, bye!"

"Rockaby, baby! the stirring Vines  
Answer the song of the singing Pines!  
Sleep, O baby! they'll sing to thee  
Of the haunted spring and the old Oak tree!  
Lullaby! lullaby! O, bye!"

"It was down in its shadow, my baby sweet!  
I'd list for the sound of thy father's feet;  
But he left in my bosom a poison-dart,  
With a broken vow and a broken heart!  
Lullaby! lullaby! O, bye!"

"Rockaby, baby—baby dear!  
For the stars like angel eyes appear;  
The moonbeams smile on the ocean's breast,  
And the Lily goes down to her billowy nest!  
Lullaby! lullaby! O, bye!"

"Rockaby baby—baby mine!  
Flowers—white flowers—for thee I twine;  
The birds are asleep, and the tired honey-bee,  
And the rocking Pines, are singing to thee!  
Lullaby! lullaby! O, bye!"

With suspended step, and quelled breath, Ruth had listened to this song; and then, though she knew not why, the tears were streaming down her cheeks, and she sobbed so audibly that the woman heard her. It was the latent power of womanhood, responding, unconsciously, to the most cruel and terrible wrongs of woman. Rising, the sweet singer advanced to meet the child, with a finger laid on her lip as if to enjoin silence.

"Speak low," she whispered, "and tread softly; for if little Robin is disturbed before he is sound asleep, he will get up and come to me, and disturb me all night."

"Who is little Robin?" asked Ruth, her large eyes dilating with wonder; "and where is he?"

"That's my baby's name, and he's asleep in his little crib. Don't you see it, yonder? Let us go and sit down there."

Ruth was a truthful child, and at home she was accustomed to hear the truth and nothing else. She did not know what to make of this strange tale. "Is it a crib?" she asked, simply. "It looks just like a very little grave. There are many such at Greenwood, only they have nice white stones, with beautiful reading on them."

"It's no such thing!" returned the woman, almost angrily. "It is little Robin's crib; I made it myself. And don't you see what a nice spread the pleasant Spring made for him, all tufted with green grass; and then the smiling Summer came and embroidered it with flowers. See how nicely I've tucked it in, so he can't get the clothes off in the night." And as she added this, the woman busied herself about the borders of the mound. Thus, having assured herself that all was right, she sat down a little way off and drew the child to her side; but, still with a finger on her lip, she whispered, "Not quite yet."

Presently she rose, and, stepping carefully over the crisp leaves, she knelt down a moment, laying her ear to the mound. "There!" she said; "he is sound asleep. I know by his breathing; and we can talk now."

Ruth, who was naturally a highly imaginative child, was transported at once into the very midst of Wonderland. Was this, indeed, the common earth, over which, in her new sense of exaltation, she seemed to float, instead of walking, as she had been wont to do? Was yonder bit of grassy turf a grave, where a poor little human being lay and mouldered? or was it not rather a baby-couch, as she had been told, with its embroidered drapery, and its beautiful little lovely sleeper, who was hushed, as she had been in the still evenings, with the singing of sweet songs, and who sometimes awoke and came forth in the night to nestle more closely in his mother's bosom? And was that strange, picturesque, pale figure, really a mortal being, or some weird woman of the wild, with superhuman power to make or mar the good or ill of mortals? In fine, was she

still in the midst of common-place, every-day realities?—or had she been suddenly enchanted and whisked off into Fairy-Land, by some great Genius, good or bad, which she had read of in the stormy winter evenings, and which Dicky always laughed at, but she thought of and pondered over? It was so strange that any one should write such stories if they were not true; and if they were true, that was stranger still.

In her bewildering excitement, the shadows deepened in her eyes, the cheek grew pale, the limbs lost all power of motion; and, in her complete abstraction, the spirit seemed almost withdrawn. But a thin hand, cold and pallid, clasped her own; and, if possible, the strange interest was intensified by the question that recalled her; for as the woman observed the eyes of the child turned upward, with a fixed look, she asked in a low, solemn whisper, that seemed to have caught the low, hoarse music of the Pines, "Did you see him?"

"See who? what?" gasped Ruth, grasping more firmly the thin, pallid hand, as if she were giddy and had a fear of falling.

"Hush! hush! Not quite so loud, darling!" returned the other; and dropping her voice to a lower and more mysterious whisper, she added, "I only thought it was Robert. He comes out of the clouds sometimes and beckons to me. I'm not ready to go yet, but I shall be some time; and we shall go walking on the air together, just as I have seen them."

She broke off abruptly; for the child's face suddenly became rigid in the intensity of her interest. The little spirit was almost gone. She had nearly fainted. A momentary feeling of alarm recalled the wandering senses of the Lunatic, and she became possessed of herself at once.

"Poor child!" she whispered; "so tender and gentle, just as I was once! I have frightened her with my strange talk;" and, thus saying, she clasped the little one in her arms, carried her down the steep bank to a spring that was nearby, and having bathed her face and hands, and given her some water to drink, Ruth was restored. But she was in no haste to leave her new friend; for a strange and nameless sympathy had sprung up between the two.

"What was it?" asked Ruth, as she sat down on a mossy stone at the woman's feet. "What did make me feel so?"

"Only a little faint. I think I frightened you with my wild stories. It is strange that I should talk so; for now I know perfectly well I should not."

"If you know better, why don't you try to remember?" asked Ruth, simply.

"Sit still," said the woman. "Be still and hear me; for now I know what I am saying."

"Is she crazy?" thought Ruth, almost going off in another wonder-land.

"Child," repeated the woman, drawing Ruth so close to her breast that it almost pained her; "either you have been sent to me, or I have been sent to you. From this hour, though we may never look on each other again, the stream of our lives must flow together."

"What does make you think so?" asked Ruth, releasing herself and standing off at some distance, as if to get a clearer view of the mysterious being, who, with every word she uttered, grew still more mysterious.

"How do I know?" responded the woman. "I know it by all things—by everything in and around you. I hear it in the air. I see it in the light. I read it in the woman's soul, that, even now, looks out of your child eyes. I know by every feeling and thought you have awakened—by everything I remember or look forward to—that such a child-life as this was to be drawn to mine, and become one with it."

This was said more as if solving a problem to herself, than addressing another; nor had Ruth anything more than a vague apprehension of its meaning. But she stood perfectly self-possessed and quiet, as if a spirit stronger than her own had subdued her agitation. And this seems more than probable, for she did not again become agitated, even by the still more exciting words that flowed freely forth, as if her natural speech were song:

"Child-life, flowing into mine,  
With an influence soft and fine,  
Look on me,  
For a light in thy blue eyes,  
Love distilling from the skies,  
Now I see."

"Child-life, fair as morning dream,  
Singing like a sunny stream,  
Stop and hear;  
In the shadow of thy brow,  
Ah! the green leaf withers now,  
And is here."

Perusing the fair young face earnestly, the woman had risen; and, holding Ruth by both hands as she stood up on the rock, in a position which brought the child's eyes nearly into a line with her own looking into them, as if they were horoscopes—she seemed to read what she saw.

"It has fallen! I feel it! I see it! O, cruel! O, bitter wrong! This child-life has been darkened. These child-eyes have wept the tears of premature anguish. This child-heart has suffered wrongfully. But the vision closes. I see no more."

Withdrawing her eyes for a moment, then turning back to Ruth with a more familiar look, she said, softly, "You have suffered, my child."

There was something in her look and tone that drew out, unaware, the young heart's confidence.

"How did you know it?" asked Ruth, looking up sadly, the white lids drooping, as if heavy with the tears they were holding back.

"I feel it," was the answer.

"And do you feel all about it, just how it was?" returned Ruth, again looking up, with a sudden excitement of the faculty of Marvellousness. "Do you feel how sick it made papa, and how sad it made

Dicky and me? But something—it couldn't be that—made mamma well and strong."

She paused for a reply; but the hands were only held more closely, and presently the child resumed: "Do you know all about our cottage, and the two beautiful Dominica hens, and Stockings—that was our cow—and how we had to move away from our new home, and everything we loved best was sold? Dicky never whistles such merry tunes now, as he used to when he milked the cow; and it seems just as if I couldn't sing as I did then."

"Poor, tender little innocent!" murmured the woman. "How sad it is! But I love you the better. You are nearer and dearer for all this."

"And why do you love me?" returned Ruth. "It's very strange. I believe I love you, too. I can't see what else it can be, that makes it so pleasant to be near you."

"It is sympathy, my child."

"And isn't sympathy itself a very sad thing? Isn't it what makes people cry at funerals?" answered Ruth, so simply, and yet so piteously, that the momentary smile faded from the woman's lip; and after a short pause, once more holding the child's hands, and gazing into her eyes with the same fixedness as before, she suddenly exclaimed, while her face became distorted, and every muscle seemed to writhe in her intense emotion:

"I see now the double blow—the double wrong! It was he—~~he~~—your father's brother and my—; ask not who or what he was to me!"

The child trembled with a strange alarm; and beginning to think of making her escape, tried to pull her hands away. But they were held more firmly, and she was obliged to remain; and, to say truly, there was a fascination in the whole scene that made her not very unwilling to remain. Perceiving the child's agitation, the Lunatic made one of those strong and sudden efforts at composure, which were sometimes very remarkable, whispering softly, "Stay a little while, dear; I love and would bless you."

Then laying her hand softly among the dark curls, she whispered, as if talking to herself, "O, the fair light! O, the sweet breath—the pure, fresh, loving life of the child! Would that I could draw it into my life, and become one with it—one in the deepest depths of that love that leaves no space between the mother-heart and the child-heart—the second advent of the Mother-life in the Child-life! Why have I longed for it with unutterable yearnings? That which has gone forth from mine, went out in darkness; and wherever I go, I walk only in its shadow. O, if one like this could only come to lie in my bosom, I should dream—yes, I could dream, night and day, that it was my lost one!"

The last part of her speech brought Ruth to a question which had for some time been revolving in her mind: "What makes you live, then, all alone?"

"O, that is because I am wicked," she answered; "and nobody wants to live with me." As she spoke, the strange light came back to her eyes, and the strange expression to her whole face.

"Why do people think so?" pursued Ruth. "I don't believe you are wicked," and, withdrawing the hands, she laid them softly, one on each shoulder of the woman, and looked calmly up into her large and loving eyes.

There was something so tender and confiding in the whole manner and action of the child, that the heart of the stricken woman melted within her. The bright and burning eyes softened and were suffused with tears. She looked thus for a moment into the clear calm eyes and the sweet trusting face of the child, and then clasped her to her bosom with a yearning, passionate embrace, that almost crushed the little form in its straining folds.

"I could tell it to you," soliloquized the woman. "But, child, as you are, it cannot be now. Again you will come to me, and then I shall unfold to you what I have not spoken to mortal man or woman."

As she said this, the eyes turned slowly upward, gradually closing, as the sight appeared fixed on some object in the far distance. Then kissing the half-bewildered child, she released her, and they sat down together side by side, their eyes open to each other and their hands locked fast together. As if by tacit consent, neither of them spoke for some minutes; but both grew calm and quiet.

"Ah! I hear them coming for you! Run away, my sweet!" said the woman, once more drawing the child to her bosom and kissing her; but it was now gently and tenderly.

"Shall I never see you any more?" whispered Ruth; and with the question tears came into her eyes.

"Yes—yes; we shall meet again. I shall watch over you and be often near you."

With a sudden impulse, Ruth threw both arms round the woman's neck and kissed her, saying at the same time, "I love you, and shall never forget you!"

And when she ran away quickly to meet the advancing children, tears were on her cheek, from eyes that had been dry so long, they had almost forgotten the use of weeping.

SPIRITUAL LECTURE.—We listened to the latter part of the lecture by Mrs. Stowe, last evening, at Oro Fino Hall. The lecturer, who seemed to be in a semi-trance state, spoke deliberately yet fluently, rarely making a gesture with her hands or getting her voice out of the ordinary lecture tone. She is an intellectual-looking woman, with a fine eye, and a general cut of features which plainly indicates decision, yet affability of character. At the close of her lecture, she made a slight, quick start, opened her eyes as if from sleep, and immediately went on, in her normal state, with a poetic recitation; after which she invited any or all who might wish to ask a question, or answer anything she had said, to avail themselves freely of the opportunity, before the audience should leave. She announced that she would lecture again next Sunday evening.—*Oregonian, Portland, Aug. 19th.*



## The Banner of Progress.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications designed for publication in this paper should be addressed "Editors of THE BANNER OF PROGRESS." All letters in regard to the business of the paper should be addressed to "BENJAMIN TODD & CO."

## Rev. Mr. McMonagle's Fourth Discourse on Spiritualism.

This gentleman delivered another of his series of lectures at Larkin street (Presbyterian) church on Sunday evening last. The church was about half filled, and we noticed a number of confirmed Spiritualists present. The text chosen was from Leviticus, chapter xx. verses 6 and 27, relating to going after familiar spirits and wizards, and the penalty affixed by Moses, which was, that the offender should be stoned to death. And while the text is on our mind, we may as well ask why it is that Christian ministers take their text so largely from the Old Testament. A testament is a will; and if the New Testament be the New Will of God, what need of consulting the texts of the Old Will at all for rules of conduct? Jesus said, that "to love God, and your neighbor as yourself," was the essence of the law and the sayings of the prophets; if, then, this essential part or kernel is contained in the teachings of the New Testament, there can be no further use for the old husk, and we had better throw it aside. If the law of Moses was either supplemented or supplanted by the law of Christ, and the latter contains all that is necessary for us, a continued adherence to the former is simply Judaism, and not Christianity.

Mr. McMonagle thinks the result of passive submission to the control of spirits, good or evil, is to make mediums mere automatons and instruments of the will of others, and that by such submission they surrender their manhood and womanhood; that it abrogates individual responsibility; that it is impossible to know what is the character of the spirit that controls, nor who he or she may be; that the control of spirits takes away all ambition for the acquisition of knowledge by one's own efforts; that if a medium can command at will the services of Franklin, or Washington, or other great minds, there is no need of study on his own part; that when the spirit departs, the medium is as empty as before, and is not improved or instructed in the least; that Spiritualism is a fruitful source of insanity, as is proved by the statistics of our insane asylum; that many insane persons are possessed by evil spirits; that those who submit to the control of spirits are slaves; that they are unable after a while to throw off the influence of familiar spirits; that Spiritualism destroys faith in God, and in His word (the Bible); that spirits claim to make our affinities for us, and cause separation of families; that it had been admitted by a Spiritualist lecturer in this city, in reference to a recent case of criminality, that an evil spirit had prompted the offender to the deed; that Spiritualism was considered as a new gospel by its believers, and spirits were acknowledged as gods; that Mesmerism was the foundation of Spiritualism, and equally dangerous to the subjects of it, as P. B. Randolph had at one time testified, that there was nothing in the language of Judge Edmonds, Governor Talmadge, Dr. Dexter, or Professor Hare, when they were free from the dictation of spirits, that contradicted what he had said on this subject; and the Rev. gentleman then denied that Spiritualists were so numerous as had been represented by Judge Edmonds and others, and concluded by allowing one-tenth of the first estimate of three millions (thirty thousand) as the probably correct figure. But, as not all who had been witnesses of spirit manifestations or subjects of spirit control could be claimed as converts to a belief in Spiritualism, he could only allow one-tenth of thirty thousand to be the number confirmed in that belief, in the United States—making three thousand Spiritualists. He asked if these three thousand men and women could be considered as any better for spirit influence and control. Was Judge Edmonds a better Judge for it? He answered, No; for they gave up their manhood and womanhood at the will of others. He said that last National Convention of Spiritualists, at Providence, R. I., had repudiated the idea of anything being sacred; had opposed the Bible, and denied the sanctity of the marriage relation. Mr. McMonagle hoped the Legislature of every State would enact laws making it a penal offense to exercise mediumship. He said the curse of God had been pronounced against it; and quoted Moses and Paul again to prove that such was the fact.

We have been thus particular in enumerating all the points of the gentleman's discourse, because they comprise the sum and substance of all that has been hitherto said by theologians of all sorts in opposition to Spiritualism. It is evident to us, and must be to all who read the above epitome of his remarks, that the Rev. Mr. McMonagle is a mere neophyte in the Spiritualistic doctrines and literature; for he seems to have confined his researches to a few volumes on the subject by Dexter, Talmadge, Edmonds, and Professor Hare, leaving the great mass of the history of spirit manifestations unperused, and all the frequent opportunities for personal investigation and experience wholly unavailing. Fearing the anathemas of Moses and of Paul, and leaning upon the Bible as the substitute for his reason, he has not dared to examine experimentally and independently the evidences constantly being offered to all who will take the trouble to thus exercise the faculties which they possess, or to think for himself upon what he may have already discovered. Another significant fact is discernible in his attitude toward Spiritualism, as well as that of many other theologians at the present time; and they no longer deny the occurrence of the phenomena or their spirit origin. But, in

their view, the spirits communicating are all evil, and their communications result in evil to all concerned. This point we have fully considered and controverted in our last issue, and will not therefore claim the attention of the reader to it at this time. There were several other statements in the lecture, however, that will not bear the test of truthful examination. Does any honest man believe there are only three thousand believers in Spiritualism in the United States? Look at our list of three hundred lecturers, and say whether it is reasonable to suppose that they speak to empty benches. Examine our register of Spiritual Societies and Progressive Lyceums, which does not contain more than one-half of those actually in existence, and decide whether each is probably composed of only a few persons, sufficient to fill the offices. Even the Spiritualistic periodical press is an indication of our numbers. At least a dozen weekly and monthly publications are now issued, with an aggregate subscription of twenty-five thousand copies. Allowing an average of five readers to each copy circulated, less than one-half of what might reasonably be claimed, and we have two hundred and twenty-five thousand constant readers of our periodical literature. Then there are those who purchase copies of the thousand books that have from time to time been issued on various branches of the subject, and others who take them for perusal from public libraries. Add to the above those who had no need of the study of any sort of literature, but who became Spiritualists from practical experiment and personal experience—the largest number of any—and we think there will be no difficulty in fixing our number at a figure very nearly approximating that which Judge Edmonds has claimed to be the true one.

Another misstatement of the Rev. gentleman was that in relation to the statistics of insane asylums. The reports of all the asylums in the United States have heretofore been examined by competent persons, for the very purpose of ascertaining the facts in regard to Spiritualism as an exciting cause of insanity; and the result was, that nineteen per cent. became insane from religious causes, and less than one-half of one per cent. of the whole number confined became insane from Spiritualism. And, on a recent visit of one of the public journalists of this city to the Stockton Asylum, the Resident Physician of that institution could show but three patients whose malady was attributed by their friends to Spiritualism—one per cent. of the whole number therein confined! On recurrence to the reports of that Asylum, we found his statement corroborated. With what grace or conscience, then, can a Christian stand up in the pulpit and make such baseless assertions?

But the Rev. Mr. McMonagle desires legislation, to stop the exercise of mediumship and the spread of Spiritualism. Does he wish to revive the scenes of the days of Cotton Mather and the Salem witchcraft? Would he have mediums fined, imprisoned, and otherwise maltreated?—for it is not to be supposed possible for him to go so far as to burn, drown, or hang them now, as in those days. If report speaks truly, the Rev. gentleman has had a little experience and example of spirit mediumship in his own family. Would he like to see any one of his own social circle dragged off to ignominious punishment, because some loving spirit of a mother, or sister, or little child who departed in its innocent years, desired to manifest her or its presence and continued affection through such of the family as proved susceptible to spirit influences? How would any man, with human feelings, like to see the wife of his bosom, the daughter of his heart, the boy of his pride, arraigned in a court of justice, charged with the crime of being a wizard or a witch, because susceptible to spiritual impressions, and undesirous of repelling them? Let the Rev. gentleman beware. He and all who think with him are treading upon dangerous ground. No better method could be devised for ascertaining our numerical strength, as well as for increasing it, than to begin a course of legislation of the kind indicated. In the conflict that would soon follow, there would be small chance for the escape of the Rev. Mr. McMonagle and his coadjutors from the just and merited scorn of an outraged and indignant people, if no worse fate should overtake them.

We are not apprehensive that the advice or the wishes of the clergy, in this matter, will ever be regarded by our law-makers. Too many of our sort of people already occupy the chief seats in the councils of the State and nation, to make a single misgiving on our part necessary. We feel perfectly easy on that score.

The remaining salient points of the lecture we will notice more at length when we come to consider the subject of his discourse on Sunday evening next, which will be upon the Scriptural accounts of the visits of angels.

THE SABBATARIANS.—These misguided people are hard at work upon the politicians, endeavoring to make them commit themselves in favor of a more stringent Sunday law. As yet, they have met with poor success. The *Christian Advocate* accuses one of the candidates for Governor of withdrawing from the Sabbath Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, "to secure the votes of German infidels and Sabbath-breakers," and says that any candidate who will do thus "ought to be shelved by all good men." We apprehend that the politicians know better than to commit themselves, before election, to any measure so unpopular as the Sunday law. Whatever they may do to satisfy the sectarians, after they are comfortably seated in their official positions, they are not such fools as to fly in the faces of a majority of the people from whom they are to obtain the votes necessary to elect them.

THE CLERGY CHALLENGED IN PORTLAND.—The first public séance of Mrs. Foye in Portland was held at the time of the assembling of the Methodist Ministerial Conference. Thirty ministers were present during the day at the Conference; and although Mrs. Foye's public notices challenge the clergy to the investigation of the phenomena which take place in her presence, not one of the thirty made his appearance at her hall for that purpose. Four hundred citizens, however, did attend.

## Confucius, Christianity, and Spiritualism.

It is to be regretted that secular pens are not more frequently employed in giving us translations of the history of other nations, and that we should be so dependent, for much of this sort of literary labor, upon the scholarship of theologians. While this is the case to so great an extent as at present, we must submit to receiving works at their hands in such a shape as they choose to give them to us, with all the faults of omission and commission, in the translation, to which they are subject.

The work recently issued in this city, purporting to be a translation of "Confucius and the Chinese Classics," is no exception to the rule; for we perceive that much has been omitted from its pages which would appear to contravene the received doctrines of the Christian Church. Notwithstanding this fact, enough has been admitted to satisfy the candid mind that all truth was not kept in abeyance until the Christian era, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets." Confucius, in fact, gave utterance to truths, verbally and in writing, which we find almost literally reproduced in the sayings of Jesus in the New Testament.

But we wish particularly to direct the attention of the reader of this volume to the effort made, in the sketch of the history of China which precedes the translations from the Classics, to discredit the records of that history wherever they appear to contradict or differ from the records of the Old Testament. For instance, although he acknowledges that there is only a difference of fifty years between the Chinese chronology and that of the Jews, in relation to the Deluge, the translator (Rev. A. W. Loomis) is not willing to consider the Chinese account as that of an "overwhelming flood," which the Noachic Deluge is supposed to have been. The Chinese Emperors and their people were able to encamp on the tops of mountains until the waters subsided. Their ability to do this would of course throw discredit upon the Bible account, wherein every living thing is represented as having been swept from the face of the whole earth, except the pairs of each kind which Noah took in with his family into the ark. It therefore becomes necessary, in order to save the infallibility of the Bible from depreciation, to consider the Chinese Deluge as only an overflow of one of their great rivers, and a change in its bed. But, as this is the only account of a great flood that the Chinese have—one which drove the people to the tops of mountains—we are forced to consider it one and the same with that of Noah; especially as the time fixed in the Chinese chronology varies but fifty years from that of the Bible, according to the authorities cited by the translator himself. The inference from all this, is that the Noachic Deluge did not drown out all the inhabitants of earth; for the Chinese historical records date back to 508 years before that event, and the translator furnishes the words of their Emperor during and subsequent to its occurrence.

Again: Although the Chinese themselves do not trace their origin either to Noah or Adam, our translator supposes that they emigrated from the region between the Caspian and Black Seas, and, traveling eastward, entered China. And, curiously enough, though it does not seem to astonish our translator, they found neighbors already there before them! One author calls them an "indigenous race," but our reverend theologian will "not admit of any 'indigenous race'—any race that did not come from the same original center of the world's population as themselves"! Considering that the Chinese survived the Deluge, and that the translator believes that the whole earth was re-peopled from the loins of Noah, this is truly refreshing in its coolness! The Chinese are described in their earliest history as a "black-haired" people, undoubtedly to distinguish them from the aboriginal people whom they found already in the country; and they are "black-haired" at this day. But our Bible-worshipping translator seeks an explanation of this term by considering its origin as anterior to their entrance into China, and that it was used to distinguish them from other descendants of Noah, who journeyed in an opposite direction! And this in face of the fact that the only record of their being "black-haired" existed among themselves long after they had entered and inhabited China!

These examples will tend to exhibit to the candid reader the advantage accruing to truthful history, of having such works translated by religious bigots, who bend everything to their purpose of supporting the dogma of the infallibility of the Bible, regardless of logical conclusions, or of the stubborn, unyielding facts.

But our principal intent in reviewing this work is, to make clear the fact that Chinese history and Chinese religious literature afford indubitable evidence that their early worship, like that of the Jews, was conducted under the tutelage of the angel world. Their religion was and is essentially Spiritualistic. The translator, in the historical sketch before mentioned, admits that they offered prayers and sacrifices to the "host of spirits." They never formed an idol in material form to represent the Supreme Being. Their idea of Him was similar to that entertained by the Indians of North America. They thought of Him as the Great Spirit. And they coupled His works with Him in a pantheistic sense, by using synonyms like "Heaven," just as we do, unconsciously, for God Himself. They sometimes used the combination "Heaven and Earth" with the same application.

The Chinese sacrificed to departed friends, and do so at this day. "The spirits of the departed" we quote from the sketch aforesaid—"were supposed to have a knowledge of the circumstances of their descendants, and to be able to affect them." This is what Spiritualists do not suppose at all, because they know it. We quote again: "Events of importance in a family were communicated to them before their shrines; many affairs of government were transacted in the ancestral temple." . . . . "When Shun found the toils of government too heavy for him, and called Yu to share them, the ceremony took place in the temple of the 'spiritual ancestor,' the chief in the line of Shun's progenitors. In the remarkable narrative, which we have in the sixth of the Books of Chow, of the Duke of Chow's praying for the recovery of his brother, King Woo, from a dangerous illness,

and offering to die in his stead, he raises three altars—to their father, grandfather, and great-grandfather; and prays to them, as having in heaven the charge of watching over their great descendant. When he has ascertained by divination that the King would recover, he declares that he had got Woo's tenure of the throne renewed by the three Kings, who had thus consulted for a long futurity of their house. This case shows us that the spirits of good kings were believed to be in heaven."

Further on, our translator makes the remark that "the ancient Chinese can hardly be said to have had the knowledge of a future state." From what has been already quoted, in the translator's own language, it will be perceived that they knew as much about it as we of the present day, or as any nation under heaven has ever known. Knowledge and belief are distinct and different things. What more have theologians to offer us, of actual knowledge, than the Chinese have? What man has ever been to any place that could be called heaven, in the flesh, and returned in the same condition to tell us what he saw, heard, and experienced? What, then, is the utility of talking about the knowledge of a future state? They only have the knowledge who have entered upon it; and they can only come back to us as they went away from us, in the spirit. This they have done from time immemorial; and we propose to show, in our next issue, by extracts from this imperfect compilation of the Chinese Classics, that this people had as clear a conception, if they do not now have, of the spirit world and its inhabitants, as the Jews ever had; and that the Christian revelation of immortality—so called—is preceded, by thousands of years, by the doctrines of the Chinese sacred writings.

## Sarcasm and Ridicule.

As we have before remarked in this paper, no one who knows the legitimate use of such weapons will apply them to the faith and opinions of others. We have said that the proper province of satire is to ridicule the follies of men's acts. Respect for the opinions of opponents is characteristic of the true gentleman, and the lack of it constitutes the blackguard. When, therefore, self-appointed critics show his want of good-breding by sarcastic personal allusions to those who are so unfortunate as to hold religious opinions not in accordance with his prejudices, he betrays the bad blood of an ignorant and depraved nature. Incapable of distinguishing argument from banter, he imagines that a logical statement can be overthrown by a smart saying relative to the personality of the author. And thus it is that we see so many nonsensical little phrases applied to Spiritualists, inclosed in invidious "quotation marks," insinuating some ridiculous peculiarity which no other class of people are supposed to possess, and intimating doubts of their sanity, as well as throwing dark aspersions upon their character for morality, etc.

Now, we submit to candid minds, that such a mode of meeting facts, and arguments based upon them, is neither just nor convincing. It can only end in bringing confusion and contempt upon its perpetrators. New ideas and opinions must stand upon the trustworthiness of the statements of fact brought to their support, and not upon the personal qualities or qualifications of their advocates. We do not propose to argue with fools, nor to "cast our pearls before swine," by attempting to enlighten the willfully blind and ignorant; but we will not submit to personal abuse and vilification at their hands on account of our opinions, to which we have as much right as we have to life, without striking back in the best manner we are able. If our blows hurt—as we should think they had in some instances, when the cries of the culprit have been exceedingly melodramatic—we cannot help it. We have no apology to make for defending ourselves when attacked, for such is the privilege of every creature that lives; we should be more or less than man if we did not resent any outrage upon our personal rights. Let offenders against these themselves take warning. *Noli me tangere* is upon our shield, and that should be sufficient to discourage all temerity of that kind. We are not philosopher enough to bear with the folly of the foolish, without making him feel that he is a trespasser, and that we do not wish to hear any more of his nonsense.

THE RECENT REVISION DEBATE.—A life member of the American Bible Society takes the Rev. Mr. Buel, their Agent, to task for the manner in which he conducted his side of the discussion at Calvary church. Through the columns of the *Pacific Gospel Herald* he administers a severe reproof to the gentleman for his saying that the American Bible Union is composed mostly of Baptists, and wishes to know if there are not thousands of Baptists in the American Bible Society. Altogether, between Mr. Buckbee and the Baptists of the Bible Society, Rev. Mr. Buel would seem to have got into serious difficulty. We are pleased to see these brethren disagree so heartily, because it is an evidence of the foolishness of preaching from dogmas founded upon the writings of fallible men like themselves—only not so enlightened, let us suppose, as are our present religious teachers.

We need not see that the *Banner of Light* makes any mention whatever of the great work now going on in Oregon under the auspices of Brother Todd, Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye, Dr. Bryant, and Mrs. Stowe. Do the *Banner* folks still labor under the willful self-delusion that their lecturing agent on this coast is the only worker in this cause here? We shall take repeated pains to disabuse their minds on this point.

THE ACROSTIC SENT TO US FROM SACRAMENTO, containing the name of the BANNER OF PROGRESS, although very flattering to its conductors, is deficient in both rhythm and rhyme, and we prefer to decline it for that reason. Much obliged for the good-will of the friend who sent it.

THE EDITOR OF THE VISALIA DELTA, when he speaks of this paper and of Spiritualism, emits no uncertain sound. We have heard the same from his kind before. He has done for himself what Shakespeare's "Dogberry" wished some one else to do for him.

## An Utilitarian.

A writer in the *Golden Era*, subscribing himself "Spiritualist," proposes to "utilize Spiritualism," by calling together a "Congress of Mediums," and endeavoring to obtain the services of spirits of the Old and New Testament writers in a revision and retranslation of their writings, each for himself, so as to put an end to all controversy as to the true intent and meaning of the Scriptures. We doubt very much the utility of such a procedure, inasmuch as there are many reasons why it would be unsuccessful. In the first place, it is doubtful whether the writers themselves knew what they meant when they wrote; secondly, it is not probable that they now have a very exalted opinion of their own compositions; thirdly, they are more happy in other employments; fourthly, more controversy would ensue over the question of the reliability of the mediums engaged in the work of revision than now subsists in regard to the present translation; fifthly, it is of no earthly or heavenly consequence what the Scriptures mean, so long as Nature and Reason remain for our guidance. And we might go on from sixthly to sixteenthly, with reasons for considering the proposition a preposterous and absurd one, if it were worth our while to do so. He must be a queer Spiritualist who could wish to employ spirits in explaining the Bible, when inspiration may be obtained direct from the spirit world, whence emanated all the inspiration the Bible really contains. That world is just as near us to-day as it was in the days of the Bible prophets, and just as clearly perceptible to the vision of our own seers as it was to those of the Jews. What "utility," then, would there be in summoning or entreating the Jewish sages from their rest or recreation for the purpose of harnessing them to the work of translating to us the obscure passages in their writings, which, after all, have no application to our day and generation? As Spiritualists, we have neither need nor desire for any such interference in our behalf. We are satisfied with the Scriptures as they are. If they are not correctly composed or translated, the errors are their own, not ours, and we cannot be held responsible for them. As we do not place our salvation in the letter of the Scriptures, it is a matter of indifference to us whether it expresses truth or falsehood, except so far as it may mislead or betray others into wrong actions in regard to ourselves. And this last consideration justifies our strenuous endeavors to discourage the use of the Bible as an infallible guide in the practice of daily life. If the "Spiritualist" of the *Golden Era* will join his efforts with ours in this work, he will accomplish more than he ever could by ever so many congresses of mediums to tinker the translation of the "infallible" Scriptures.

## California Prison Commission.

The Trustees of the Unitarian church, on Geary street, tendered the use of their church last Sunday evening for a meeting of the California Prison Commission. About three hundred persons were present. District Attorney Porter said that there are between eight and nine hundred men in the State Prison; when they come out, and the eye and the finger is pointed at them, they are shunned, and are almost compelled to resort to crime to obtain bread. A word of kindness, fitly spoken, might save many of them from a fresh career of crime, may make them men again. Mr. Porter related a number of cases that had occurred in his long and varied experience, in which men had been redeemed by apparently very simple acts of kindness. Some States set the prisoner free with two dollars to start life and become an honest man. The man needs more—more, too, than money. He wants advice and assistance to know where to go—what to do.

Mr. Woodworth, the Secretary of the Commission, related in detail the work that he had been engaged in, in connection with the Commission—his visits to all our penal institutions—his inquiries into the character and the wants of the inmates—his attentions to those who were discharged, etc.

The Rev. Mr. Stebbins was pleased to think what a marked improvement had been made in the treatment of prisoners, paupers, etc. The old idea of punishment was, that it was perpetual—the old religious idea. No efforts were made to reform. He remembered when paupers were put up at auction to the man who would take them cheapest—"sixpence, and a treat all round." The civilized world had improved in this matter. California must keep pace as a matter of duty, as well as pride.

Nothing was said about reforming society, so that it may make no more criminals by unjust laws and unjust administration. The Church thinks herself and her dogmas all-sufficient for that. But we see that crime flourishes even among the clergy, where neither poverty nor the injustice of society can be offered in excuse. While the poor criminals in our prisons are driven by necessity to crimes against property and wealth, the pious teachers commit crimes against morality tenfold more heinous, from their own cultivated depravity. During the past month, we have given the names of sixteen clergymen who are now arraigned in various parts of the country for every degree of immorality. Yet, somehow, they all will manage to escape punishment, as is usually the case with "distinguished" criminals.

CONVENTION OF MEDIUMS.—The second quarterly Convention of Mediums in Western New York was held at Rochester, July 27th and 28th. There is something peculiarly appropriate in appointing a meeting of mediums to be held in the city where infant Spiritualism was cradled less than twenty years ago, to exchange congratulations upon its unprecedented growth, and take counsel with the angels in regard to its continued unfoldment.

ON A LARGE SCALE.—Balzac, the great French novelist, is said to be much addicted to romancing in more than the literary sense, inasmuch that those who made no allowance for his genius used to speak of him as "an enormous liar."—*Dramatic Chronicle*.

We are now enabled to account for the *Chronicle* editor's unfortunate propensity—he has been reading and emulating Balzac!

"A CONSTANT READER," signing himself "Mc," will receive an answer next week.



## COMMUNICATIONS.

## SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER NINE.

The ancients held that between the spirits of the elementary spheres and mankind there existed a certain sympathy, the nature of which corresponded with the temperament of the individual and the sphere of the spirit; the bilious, lymphatic, sanguine, and nervous temperaments, agreeing, respectively, with the elements—earth, water, air, and fire.

Dr. Redfield, in his very interesting and comprehensive system of Physiognomy, accepts this division of the temperaments as natural, and agreeing with the physical construction of man, and also with that of all Nature. Messrs. Fowler and Wells, of New York, object to it, and adopt three, as being more agreeable to Nature. And A. J. Davis, in the fourth volume of his "Great Harmonia," also objects. He says:

"But the nervous, bilious, sanguine, and lymphatic programme of temperaments has an odor about it, irresistibly reminding one of the age of Astrology—of the days when 'Humors' and 'Vapors' were suggested by Aristotle—when the doctrine of demoniac influence was accepted as gospel truth by the greatest intellects."

Now, it would naturally be supposed, that after expressing such abhorrence of astrological odors, Mr. Davis would have adopted a theory redolent of that better suited to his olfactory nerves; but he had either forgotten, or was ignorant of, the fact that the ground he was exploring had been surveyed and laid out by the astrologers ages ago. He shows this in adopting the number seven—a number much more suggestive of astrological order than the one he had rejected on that account. For astrologers recognized a higher order of temperaments than that of the elementary four, corresponding to the seven planetary or angelic spheres—the very order which Mr. Davis accepts. He says:

"By virtue of careful interior searchings, I have just discovered the existence, among men, of seven radical temperaments."

The astrologers had discovered the same thousands of years ago; the elementary being physiological, the seven planetary psychological. Mr. Davis also sees a correspondential relationship existing between the temperaments and certain metals; but he ought also to have known, that, in the astrological system, each planetary temperament had its representative metal, with which it sympathized. Then, when speaking of the changes of which these seven temperaments are susceptible, and in order to increase the permutations so as to correspond with the great variety of human characters, he adds the "negative, passive, and positive conditions," corresponding to the "masculine, feminine, and neuter" of Astrology; each planet being called masculine or feminine, except Mercury—which was either, or neither, according to circumstances. That his arrangement should be complete, he tells us of "twelve grand societies," which have an odor about them irresistibly reminding one of the "twelve signs of the zodiac"—another modifying chain of temperaments in which Astrology had, in its odoriferous ingenuity, anticipated Mr. Davis.

These four temperaments being in natural sympathy with the four lower spheres, each individual attracted around him those spirits in harmony with his predominant temperament, and the higher or lower order of spirits of that sphere by his mental cultivation and moral development, who ministered to his wants or thwarted him, as they were pleased or displeased with him. From this arose the idea of sacrificing, and doing, what they supposed propitiated the gods; for when enraged, and a choice, like that given to David, presented—famine, slaughter, or pestilence—it became a serious matter, and it behooved them to be on the right side.

The four elementary spheres were also considered as hells, or purgatories, for those who, on their departure from this life, had not so improved their spiritual condition as to be able to return to the ethereal spheres—their principal home. The sphere allotted to them was the one best adapted to their condition and character. In it they entered upon a probationary life, which, when well spent, upon their next demise, enabled them to rise to a more progressed condition of existence; but, if not improved, they returned to earth to pass through a series of transmigrations, till purified enough to be given another trial.

This theory, whether admired for the ingenuity displayed in its construction, or accepted as an article in our creed, presents a beautiful consistency—a system of distributive justice far exceeding in completeness the spiritual economy of Christianity. In it, no sentence of eternal damnation is passed; and, whether falling or rising, on the earth or in the spheres, the ultimate in view is the perfecting of the man till he reaches the state of the gods.

Whether the inhabitants of the spheres were all the departed spirits of men, or that some were independent spirits—genii or demons—were open questions. Such demons as manifested themselves, declaring no knowledge of a previous life, were, in the opinion of some, only in the condition we are, who have no recollection of any pre-natal existence.

Speaking of the fairies, elves, and sprites, which our fathers imagined occupied the space around them, Bulwer remarks:

"And O, is there not a truth also in our fictions of the unseen world? Are there not yet bright lingers by the forest and the stream? Do the moon and the soft stars look out on no delicate and winged forms basking in their light? Are the fairies and the invisible hosts but the children of our dreams, and not their inspiration? Is that all a delusion which speaks from the golden page? And is the world only given to harsh and anxious travelers, that walk to and fro in pursuit of no gentle shadows? Are chimeras of the passions the sole spirits of the universe? No! while my remembrance treasures in its deepest cell the image of one no more—one who was 'not of the earth, earthy'—one in whom love was the essence of thoughts divine—one whose shape and mould, whose heart and genius would, had poetry never before have dreamed it, have called forth the first notion of spirits resembling mortals, but not of them. No, Gertrude, while I remember you, the faith—the trust in brighter shapes and fairer than the world knows of—comes clinging to my heart; and still will I think that fairies might have

watched over your sleep, and spirits have ministered to your dreams!"

The sentiment herein contained has found, and will find, an echo in many hearts. In spite of our philosophy—our most clear-sighted philosophy—we cannot contemplate unmoved the idea of the annihilation of "the dear departed," be they husband or wife, father or mother, brother or sister, or, perhaps,

"a dearer one still, and a nearer one  
Yes, than all other!"

a dear Gertrude, our love of whom is wedded to our most sacred memories. 'Tis then our finer feelings receive the severest shock, when we attempt to realize, that

"All that remains of her"  
is only so much matter undergoing a chemical transformation in the great laboratory of Nature—that she is no more to us than the clod of the valley, or which treads the clumsy foot of the most unthinking of mortals. Ah, no! the hallowed passion of the heart can never admit that the object of its love is dead!

"In a love like this, there is something ineffably beautiful—it is essentially the poetry of passion. Desire grows hallowed by fear, and, scarce permitted to indulge its vent in the common channel of the senses, breaks forth into those vague yearnings, those lofty aspirations, which pine for the bright, the far, the unattained. It is 'the desire of the moth for the star'—it is the love of the soul!"

J. W. MACKIE.

## SYSTEMS OF RELIGION, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

It was the common belief of those communities who lived nearest the period of the Apostles, that the duration of the world we inhabit was not to exceed 5,500 years. This can be shown by a Christian work, which, if not in the catalogue of canonical books, has as much claim in fairness as any there found. I allude to the so-called Apocryphal New Testament, which had a place among the sacred books of Christendom for at least the first four hundred years of our era, and was, with a large list of other books, set aside as uncanonical, by that most sapient body of nincompoops, drawn together by order of the Emperor Constantine, at a place called Nice, then belonging to Provence, a dependency of France, but now a part of Italy. Of this august body of pious scoundrels, with a villainous murderer at their head, we shall have something to say before we have done with these articles. The compiler of the Apocryphal New Testament "assures the public that this work, and the New Testament, contain all the historical records relative to Christ and his Apostles, now in existence, and considered sacred by Christians during the first four centuries after his birth." As this rejected book is in the hands of but few persons, it will not be uninteresting, perhaps, to the general reader of the BANNER OF PROGRESS, to quote an entire chapter from the Book of Nicodemus, in which occurs a chronological point of importance, to complete the list already given there:

The Gospel of Nicodemus, formerly called the Acts of Pontius Pilate.

CHAPTER XXII.

1. After these things Pilate went to the temple of the Jews, and called together all the scribes, and doctors of the law, and went with them into a chapel of the temple.

2. And commanding that all the gates should be shut, said to them, I have heard that you have a certain large book in this temple; I desire you, therefore, that it may be brought to me.

3. And when the great book, carried by four ministers of the temple, and adorned with gold and precious stones, was brought, Pilate said to them all, I adjure you by the God of your fathers, who made and commanded this temple to be built, that ye conceal not the things from me.

4. Ye know all the things which are written in that book; tell me, therefore, now, if ye in the Scriptures have found anything of that Jesus whom ye crucified, and at what time of the world he ought to have come; show it to me.

5. Then having sworn Annas and Caiaphas, they commanded all the rest who were with them to go out of the chapel.

6. And they shut the gates of the temple and of the chapel, and said to Pilate: Thou hast made us to swear, O Judge, by the building of this temple, to declare to thee that which is true and right.

7. After we had crucified Jesus, not knowing that he was the Son of God, but supposing he wrought his miracles by some magical art, we summoned a large assembly in this temple.

8. And when we were deliberating among one another about the miracles which he wrought, we found many witnesses of our own country, who declared that they had seen him alive after his death, and that they heard him discoursing with his disciples, and saw him ascending into the height of the heavens and entering into them.

9. And we saw two witnesses, whose bodies Jesus raised from the dead, who told us of many things which Jesus did among the dead, of which we have a written account in our hands.

10. And it is our custom annually to open this holy book before an assembly, and to search there for the counsel of God.

11. And we found in the first of the seventy books, where Michael, the archangel, in speaking to the third son of Adam, the first man, an account that after five thousand five hundred years, Christ the most beloved Son of God was to come on earth.

12. And we further considered, that perhaps he was the very God of Israel who spake to Moses: Thou shalt make the ark of the testimony; two cubits and a half shall be the length thereof, and a cubit and a half the breadth thereof, and a cubit and a half the height thereof. (Exod. 25: 10.)

13. By these five cubits and a half for the building of the ark of the Old Testament, we perceived and knew that in five thousand years and a half (one thousand years) Jesus Christ was to come in the ark or tabernacle of a body.

14. And so our Scriptures testify that he is the Son of God, and the Lord and King of Israel.

15. And because after his suffering, our chief priests were surprised at the signs which were wrought by his means, we opened that book to search all the generations down to the generation of Joseph, and Mary, the mother of Jesus, supposing him to be of the seed of David.

16. And we found the account of the creation, and at what time he made the heaven and the earth, and the first man Adam, and that from thence to the flood, were two thousand two hundred and twelve years.

17. And from the flood to Abraham, nine hundred and twelve. And from Abraham to Moses, four hundred and thirty. And from Moses to David the King, five hundred and ten.

18. And from David to the Babylonish captivity, five hundred years. And from the Babylonian captivity to the incarnation of Christ, four hundred years.

19. The sum of all which amounts to five thousand and a half (a thousand).

20. And so it appears, that Jesus, whom we

crucified, is Jesus Christ the Son of God, and true and Almighty God. Amen.

That the world did not come to an end at the time specified in the above logical argument, was not the fault of the writer, whoever he might have been; it is only equaled by another Christian document, wherein is given the reason why the end of the world was expected some time ago:

"Consider, my children, what that signifies. He (God) finished (creating) them in six days. The meaning of it is this: that in six thousand years the Lord God will bring all things to an end."  
J. D. PIERSON.

## WHAT GOOD?

It is often asked, What good has been done by thorough Spiritualism? We answer, the spread of the truth, on the dearest, purest, and holiest relations of man, and the backing away of the clouds that gather around the minds of men in view of death and futurity, the darkness of which can nowhere be more distinctly perceived than in the asking of such a question.

The purity, angelic loveliness, and divine holiness that such a faith, if firmly based, must inspire in the loyal soul, is like heavenly beatitudes in the contemplation.

Its power to restrain and reform; to soften the hard heart addicted to evil indulgence; to expose the still harder heart of bigotry and religious denunciation; to moisten the eye of criminal enmity, which the hypocrites of the world have made stern and fixed; to bring the strong man of selfish apathy, as a child, once more into the company of his brother-children, at the feet of maternal or sisterly tenderness, of those whose earthly bodies have long since been entombed; to keep down the unnatural separations of families, beneath the fatherly affection of one who claims all as his, and as still needing his care; to turn the scoff of godless ribaldry into loving faith, and the shame of pulpits pronounced by human brethren on human beings, of eternal doom, into the beauty of eternal help; to make all—yes, all—realize an inner religion, which worships at the altar of eternal truth and unchangeable love.

With such aims and prospects before us, to ask what is the good of general, tangible spirit intercourse, is to ask the good of immortality, of heaven, and of God.

B. L.

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